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The Wisdom of the Rishis

By T. L. VASWANI

Once a Brotherhood of Rishis guided India and made her truly great.

Today she lies, with strength suppressed, beneath the burden of customs, castes and creeds.

So many of the "big" ones are busy, alas! with materialism and money-bags. I plead for a new study of the Wisdom of the Rishis.

A great German mystic expresses the very heart of Hindu thought in the following words:—

God must be brought to birth in the soul, again and again.
All gifts which God ever gave in heaven or on earth,
He gave with one sole purpose,—to make one single gift:
With all His gifts He desires only to prepare us
For the One Gift which is Himself!

Seers of Wisdom were the Rishis,—in East and West. They all were,—are,—of one country,—the Country of the Spirit, the *Ātman*. Some of them were poets : they sang of the *Ātman*. Some were in silence absorbed, meditating on the One without a second. Some interpreted in words and symbols the secret of the *Ātman*. But they all touched Reality at the Centre of Life. They all went beyond the reach of the mind. They saw intuitively what they did not argue about. Intuition, they saw, awoke in the Heart that was

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pure and made radiant the life in which wisdom was blended with compassion and love.

The Rishis realised that mere words were worthless. They realised that the vision of truth grew out of life,—a simple life, a pure life, a dedicated life, a life of kindliness and sympathy, of compassion and love.

The teaching of the ancient Rishis of India may be studied in the *Vedas*, the *Upanishads*, the *Brahmanas* (Forest-Books, the *Aranyakas*) and the *Bhagavad Gita* referred to, also, as *Gitopanishad*.

To me, the poems of Kabir, Nanak, Arjan Dev and other Singers of the *Santbani* and the hymns of the Alvars of South India are, also, utterances of illumined hearts whom I call Rishis of India. That great Scripture of the South, named the *Kural*, I, also, include in the literature of the Seers or Rishis of India.

Have not the "pariahs,"—they whom, in our pride, we call outcasts,—thrown up Seers and Saints, Rishis, indeed, of the purest ray serene? A village-singer I heard in Sind, many years ago : his voice was melodious with the melody of a life rich in simplicity and love. He sang:—

In every moment
Behold Eternity !
The drop in the ocean,
The ocean in the drop !
Brother, Be simple !
Be simple and radiant in Love !

I heard these words, then learnt that the singer was of the *harijan* class, and I exclaimed:—"Is he not a Rishi, too?"

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In the South, Tiruvalluvar, the great Poet and Singer who wrote the maxims of the *Kural*, was, verily, a Rishi, a Seer of the Wisdom of Life. And he was, like Kabir, a weaver. Tiruvalluvar probably lived in the 1st century, A. D. Some of these maxims may well remind one of the *Gita* and of Jesus,—who, verily, was a great Seer, a Rishi, rightly called a Rabbi, "Master."

The word "Tiruvalluvar" means "the devotee of the Valluva caste." The Valluvas were the pariahs of the South. Is not the teaching of the great Seers of India reflected in the following words of this weaver of the South? Was he not, himself, a Rishi, a Seer?

The upright heart is the glory of the true man.

* *

See that thou doth speak not a single word which may cause pain to a brother's heart.

* *

Dost thou take pleasure in revenge? Remember, it lasteth but a day. But the joy of him who forgiveth endureth forever!

* *

Wilt thou punish those who have injured thee? Do good to them in return for the injury done to thee!

* *

Renounce! Renounce! Through renunciation, liberate thyself, Conquer desire! Conquer anger and *moha!* And thou wilt above all suffering rise!

* *

There is no richer treasure than desireless-

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ness. Not even in Heaven is there a treasure which is equal to the Peace filling the heart that has renounced desire.

* *

Like the Rishis of the *Upanishads*, the author of the *Kural* rose above all sects and rejoiced in Truth and Wisdom as the Religion of Life.

There are a few collections which we may well regard as the great literary Scriptures of the world : they are not of local or provincial interest but have a universal value.

One of these collections expresses the Hellenic genius. Greek classics articulate an ideal which is of interest to citizens and statesmen. These Greek classics sound one note, again and again:— "The duty of an individual is to subordinate himself to his nation."

Another collection is the Hebrew Bible which is inspired by the idea that the universe is fundamentally righteous.

Another great literary Scripture is the *Qur'an*,—a book whose literary beauty and grace made a profound appeal to the people of Arabia. Sovereignty of God and democracy of believers are two of the ideas beautifully set forth in the *Qur'an*. The Prophet was an artist. And the *Qur'an* is a beautiful exposition of these two ideas.

Another great literary Scripture is Dante's *Divine Comedy*.

The *Upanishads* may well be studied as great literary Scriptures. Not without reason have they fascinated men in different countries. One of those whom the *Upanishads* greatly influenced was

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Dārā, the brilliant Moghul prince. He was the eldest son of the Moghul emperor, Shāh Jehān. Dārā came under the influence of Sufi poets and *fakirs*. His impressionable mind and heart were drawn to the Hindu Faith. He was a lover of Hindu literature and Hindu philosophy. At Dārā's court lived Jaswant Pandit,—a famous singer of Sanskrit lyrics. Dārā was a scholarly and broad-minded prince. He brought together some renowned scholars to translate the *Upanishads* into Persian. He was entitled to the Moghul throne, but Aurangzeb slew his elder brother, Dārā, and changed the course of Indian history. Akbar's dream and Dārā's hope of reconciliation between the two great Faiths,—Hinduism and Islam,—perished, and India, alas! is still a battleground of "creeds" and "forms" of Faith.

The German philosophical world was influenced by the *Upanishads*. Some developments of neo-German idealism were due, unfortunately, to a perversion of the Upanishadic doctrine of the will of man. The *Upanishads* ask us to develop our will and the power of thought and to use them in the service of the universe. But some neo-idealists of Germany misinterpreted the Rishi "doctrine of will" and clamoured for the will-to-power, the will-to-dominate : and Europe was plunged in a terrific world-war. Germany trampled on the lofty ethical code which is enshrined in the *Upanishads*. Listen to what the Rishi tells us in the *Taitrya Upanishad*:—

Say what is true !
Do thy duty !
Not for a single moment swerve from the Truth !

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Never turn your face away from duty !
Let thy mother be to thee like unto a god !
Let thy father be to thee like unto a god !
Let thy teacher be to thee like unto a god !
Let thy guest be to thee like unto a god !
Whatever thou givest to others to serve and help them,
Give in faith,—never without faith,—
Faith in the One Will Divine to whom we all belong :
And give in joy,
And give in modesty,
And give in sympathy with the suffering ones.
This is the true teaching of the Vedas :
Aye,—this is the command of the Rishis and Saints, of the Seers and Sages of Humanity.

In another passage, the same Rishi says:—

Guard me, Lord,
Against the sins of passion and pride,
My nightly sins of thought and word and deed,
And all sins wrought by my mind, my speech, my hands, my feet,—
And all sins wrought through my appetite and my body,—
Do thou, O departing night, remove them all !
In thy imperishable light,
O radiant Sun !
I offer myself. Accept me !
I offer my guilt : burn it,
O radiant sun !

One of the greatest thinkers of India was Shankara. He was a Rishi, too,—a Seer. Shankara showed in his life a blend of the purest religion and the profoundest philosophy of the

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spirit. In this blend, he taught, was the secret of the *Upanishads* which were communicated to earnest seekers by the Rishis of India. Shankara, at once a thinker and a Rishi, a sage and a saint, was a rich gift of the South to the North, of India to Humanity.

St. Thomas of the Catholic Church was, also, a thinker and a saint. It is true there are points of contact between Hindu thought and the *Summa* of St. Thomas : but his philosophy, as admitted by a Father of the Catholic Church, is "too hard-headed and rational for the Hindu temperament." "Hindu thought," in the words of Father Extron, "is, at its best, the most uncompromising statement of the primacy of the spiritual and the most amazing quest of the Absolute that human philosophy has ever known."

In a brief life of thirty-two years, Shankara revealed what a single Rishi could achieve. He rejected the luxuries of the world : he became a *sanyāsin* : he dedicated his life to commune with the Highest and to the service of his people. He wrote commentaries on the *Upanishads* and the *Bhagavad Gita* to vindicate the Wisdom of India's ancient Rishis.

In that remarkable little book of Shankara, the *Crest Jewel of Wisdom*, we read:—

> The Eternal transcendeth birth and race and class:
> The Eternal dwelleth beyond space and time and all things empirical !
> That art Thou !
> The Eternal cannot be attained by speech
> But by a pure vision or illumination !
> That art Thou !

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The Eternal changeth not,
But is still as a waveless sea !
That art Thou !
The Eternal is changeless
Like the gold in many ornaments !
That art Thou !
The Eternal shineth alone:
Wisdom is He,
Beyond the Highest,
Supreme Self is He,
Wisdom and Joy
Endless, Everlasting !
That art Thou !
Thou needs must bring the Eternal
To consciousness in thyself !
Awake !

Shankara vindicated anew the importance of *buddhi* (intuition) in the life of man. Not logic but insight, Shankara taught, was our great need. The mind, the logical mind, the intellect was no better than a clever advocate who could prove anything we wished : but it was *buddhi*, intuition, which led us to the Real. And intuition was developed in the measure in which the senses were controlled, the mind was disciplined and the heart was purified.

The Rishis of the *Vedas*, the *Upanishads* and the *Brahma Sutras* emphasised the truth that the One Only Reality, the *Ātman*, must be sought and reached and adored in reverence and served in the love we poured on all creatures. The One *Ātman*, Shankara further taught, transcended *māyā*, the phenomenal, the empirical, the world of time

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and space. The One *Ātman* was the Real of all reality, was the Supreme, Indescribable, Limitless, Speechless, Timeless, Causeless, the Source of all that is.

This truth is taught by all the Rishis,—the goal of life is to be one with the Life Divine. Therefore must the seeker lose himself in the one Eternal Spirit. And the way to this union, this communion, with the Spirit is 'annihilation' of the ego : the Sufis call it *fannā*. The ego is not the *Ātman* : the ego is the fountain of desires. Desires must go. All desires are ego-centric.

It will not be right to say that the Rishis did not realise the value of action. "Act," they said, "but desire not the fruit of actions for yourself. Make your work an offering to the Lord." Through loss of ego, the lower self, Tennyson teaches in that remarkable poem named the *Ancient Sage*, you will attain to the "gain of such large life as matched with ours were sun to spark,—unshadowable in words, themselves but shadows of a shadow-world." And did not Blake breathe out again and again his aspiration to be "self-annihilated?" Renounce desire, if you will attain to the Supreme.

IMPORTANT

This is a double issuse for the months of June and July, 1974.

— Manager

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Every Fall is A Rise

By HENRY THOMAS HAMBLIN

The reason the term, "The spiral of ascent," is used by writers on the subject of the progress of the soul is that it gives the student a very good idea of what actually takes place. Of course, there is no real spiral, but if we think of our progress as being in that form it is helpful and encouraging.

The progress or change or regeneration, in which the animal and intellectual man becomes a spiritual and celestial being, is made through a process of repetition of experiences, so that one seems to be going round in a circle. For a time it seems that we have overcome our prevailing habit, our besetting sin, our weakness of will, or our deficiency of character, and that we shall see it no more. No sooner, however, do we congratulate ourselves upon having overcome, and upon having entered into liberty, than we find ourselves overtaken by the same lifelong weakness or fault, and we think that we have made no progress at all.

The truth, however, is that progress has been made, for no one can really try to live a higher life without being the better for it. He may think that he has become as bad as ever, or even worse than before. He may think that he has been going straight forward, and that now he has slipped right back, or that he has merely been travelling in a circle, so that no progress has been

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made at all. It is because of this, I think, that so many give up the quest. They think that because they have failed it is of no use trying any more.

But they have not failed. It is here that the idea of the spiral comes in useful. When it is explained to us that we have not slipped back to the old spot, but that the usual experiences have merely repeated themselves, a less hopeless view of the situation is taken. And when it is also explained that the influence that these experiences exert grows less powerful every time, fresh hope and courage come to the struggling soul; and confidence also, because the truth is at once grasped that if one is on a spiral, then it is only necessary to keep on in order to leave behind the old hindrances and limitations, and finally to arrive at the top, where is true liberation from all that binds and fetters.

It is because temptations and experiences keep repeating, and because each time that they repeat finds us slightly advanced in character and spirituality, that the term "spiral" is used. It is like mounting a spiral staircase. Again and again we reach the same position; but, thanks be, we are always a little higher, a little nearer the top; even though the amount may seem to be so trifling as to be nothing at all.

We continue to mount in a spiral so long as we aspire after God and higher and better things. We may seem to make no progress, but progress there must be, if we perseveringly aspire. We cease to make progress only if we cease to aspire. The essential thing is to aspire, instead of worrying

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about our small progress, or apparent lack of progress. Introspection and self-analysis are unnecessary except to the extent that we examine ourselves to see if we are aspiring or no. If we are still aspiring, if our face is still turned towards the Light, then of a surety we are making progress,—we are ascending the spiral towards God and Divine Union. We, ourselves, do not have to do the ascending or climbing, really. All that we have to do is to aspire. If we do this, then Heavenly forces raise us up Godwards,—not all at once, but through a repetition of experience.

Some writers have described the ups and downs of the life of regeneration as, "The Swing of the Pendulum." *There is as big a swing to the left as there is to the right.* (Make a note of this, for it explains much of our failure). But here again, the remedy is the same, for if we aspire we gradually climb the pendulum, until we reach that point where there is no swinging motion at all. As in the spiral, the change is gradual. Slowly but surely, the arc of motion becomes less, until it ceases altogether. The way may seem long and tedious, but it is sure. So long as we aspire, we climb; and all the forces and agencies of Heaven are on our side. Heaven stoops down to help us upward all the while we turn our face towards the Light, aspiring at all times after that which is higher and better than our present state.

Writers have always warned us against the evils of lust and gold. They were wise, for the aspirant is subjected to special temptations in these two directions. They are much more powerful and violent than any that come to ordinary people.

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The aspirant has to be tested as with fire, in order to purify him and make him a new creature. The soul is tempted to give up the quest for the sake of worldly advantage. This temptation is most subtle and most difficult to parry; but love toward the Lord helps us through. Also the soul is tempted to give up its love for the Lord for the sake of lower loves and the attractions of human passions disguised as love.

We should not condemn, therefore, those who, after showing great promise in spiritual attainment, and great earnestness in their search for Truth and Reality, fall into grievous sin, or go back to the beggarly elements of the world. The world wonders why this should be, and condemns those who fall; but those who are acquainted with the inner workings of these matters know how severe the temptations are, and are charitable and tolerant in consequence.

Those who enter the life of regeneration have to encounter these two initiations, the successful passing of which divorces them from the world and purifies them from fleshly desire. When these severe experiences are over, the aspirant is more or less free from trouble in these respects. Actually, the Rubicon is crossed, but he may be troubled with re-echoes of former ways of life, habits and attachments. Things which he thought were done with for ever crop up in unexpected ways and at unexpected times. Let him then remember that he is mounting the spiral of ascent, and that each time his troubles are repeated he has mounted yet another turn of the spiral, that he is one step nearer home, the goal of all his

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aspirations.

But it is not merely lust and the attractions of the world that oppose our progress. They are comparatively obvious and gross. Far more difficult and searching, because of their subtlety, are the experiences that confront us later.

We find that "self" is the great enemy of the soul. For "self" creates a separateness, and thro ugh this state of separateness, this self-will an false imagination, all kinds of evils breed, such as envy, acquisitiveness, pride, avarice, anger, imputing evil and wrong motives to others, and so on. And even when these be largely overcome, there yet remains the great danger of spiritual pride, which is more subtle than them all.

To what extent "self" spoils our life and separates us from the Divine can only be realised through experience. Again and again, we surrender our all to God, and genuinely think and believe that it is utter, complete, and final; but again and again, it is revealed to us that "self" still rules, and the Lord of Love kept out of our heart.

But each time that we find "self" in the position of ruler of our life; each time there is revealed to us the hollowness of our claims to live the truly surrendered life; each time that we are stricken to the heart as we realise how strong "self" is, and how deceitful is our human heart and nature; each time this happens, let us not be cast down, neither let us give up the quest. Rather, let us remember that it is but a turn in the Spiral of the soul's ascent. Let us remember that, shocked though we may be at the selfish, self-centred state

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of our own heart and will, we *have* advanced a little, that we *are* being raised by the Spirit to higher and better things, and that all that is demanded of us is a fresh surrender. When this fresh surrender has been made the upward progress is resumed; and, praise be, nothing can stay our progress, so long as we put our trust in the Great Shepherd of souls.

Some of these surrenders may prove to be very difficult. It is helpful, perhaps, if we remember that all such are a surrender to our own highest good. We are so afraid to let go. We prate about the love of God, and how much we love Him; yet to trust God fully, and surrender our all to Him, even our very life, and self-conscious identity, is the very last thing that we intend doing. We discover this, from time to time, as the perfidy of our heart is revealed to us. But we are led on, step by step, spiral by spiral, surrender by surrender, until the last final surrender is made, when we cast ourselves into the Abyss of Love, to find underneath us the everlasting arms.

The final goal of all religion and mysticism is Realisation. There comes a time when we can simply step out of our prison-cage into pure knowing, when we have only to realise It, the one Absolute Reality, then all that is relative passes away. Just as clouds may divide asunder and reveal the unfathomable blue of the sky behind, so also can the veil of our limited consciousness become rent from top to bottom, opening before us, so that we can step out into perfect Knowledge-Bliss, after which all that is relative and imperfect ceases to be. The soul is then for ever free. There is no

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need for spirals in one sense. And yet everything relative has its place and sphere of usefulness, at the time.

But many readers are probably concerned with more elementary and "every-day" difficulties. They are concerned because their health does not improve, or because their circumstances remain difficult. These things loom large before us, in exaggerated importance, perhaps. Probably we do attach too much importance to them, but to do so is natural, for ill-health, constantly recurring sickness or pain, or a repetition of difficult situations and experiences, makes life difficult, and is discouraging.

"Every day is a fresh beginning." Each day, unnoticed, sees a little progress made within. The best is yet to be. We are mounting in a spiral, as the years go by, being raised higher and higher above the things which trouble and vex and grieve us now. Let, therefore, this thought of progress be nourished and cherished by each one of us, for our life grows into the likeness of the thought that we hold and realise within us, day by day and year by year.

In closing, may I suggest that we all praise God for the blessings that we have received, already, in deliverance from sin and habit, and in improved health and circumstances, and also for innumerable other mercies and good which have followed us all our days? Let us thank God also for the greater deliverance and freedom that is coming to us, for the fact that we are mounting the spiral of ascent, and that we are being raised by the Spirit

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The Hindu Outlook*

By T. L. VASWANI

The big task of today,—that of a new nation-building,—calls for an army of the young inspired by a noble idealism of action.

We are in a transition-period.

There is the capitalist civilisation. It is breaking down under its own weight.

There is the counter-capitalist civilisation. Its theory was given by Marx. The theory has been translated into practice in Russia, the experiment having been initiated by the great mind of Lenin.

Both the capitalist and the counter-capitalist civilisations are dominated by the idea of industrialisation.

Will industrialisation solve the Indian problem? Industrialisation aims at building up a big machine for making much money. Such a machine will always be controlled by a few. A communist state is, also, supported by a bureaucracy. Will a bureaucratic state, either of the communist or imperialist type, solve the Indian problem?

Distinct at once from the capitalist and the counter-capitalist civilisations is the Rishi-type of civilisation. This type was, I believe, a glorious reality in India in the long ago. To understand it, we must try to understand the Hindu outlook.

*From an address delivered by Beloved Dada (Sri T.L. Vaswani), in 1934, at the Hindu Young Men's Association, Bombay, Shri K. M. Munshi presiding.

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I use the expression, "Hindu outlook," in preference to "Hinduism." I believe the Hindu Faith is not an "ism" but an "outlook," a "spirit."

May I, at the start, refer to some of the misconceptions of the Hindu *dharma?* The misconceptions are shared by not a few of the Western critics of the Hindu *dharma.* In a little book on *Hinduism,* published several years ago, the author, an Englishman, makes the statement that "Hinduism is animism more or less transformed by philosophy." Animism, we know, is a religion of savage tribes. The English author of the book, *Hinduism,* is unware of the high cultural development of ancient India.

The Greeks who came with Alexander to India in the 4th Century B.C. paid tribute to India's skill in architecture and the painting of frescoes. Prof. Sommerfeld of the University of Munich said:—"India is, perhaps, to a much greater degree than we imagine, the mother of sciences." And Prof. Winternitz of Germany admits that ancient India was rich in literature on agriculture, mining and minerology. The Hindu Faith did not neglect *artha,* but subordinated it to *dharma.* Ancient India made rich contributions, also, to mathematics and music.

Another Western critic of the Hindu Faith says:—"A Hindu is one who believes in caste." The critic confounds *varna* with caste. It is true, Hindu society, in its degenerate days, was infected with the un-Hindu caste-spirit. But the Vedas and the Upanishads and the Bhagavad Gita,—scriptures of wonderful wisdom,—know no caste. Their supreme teaching is that reflection, selfless

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action, and devotion to the Lord is the triple path of immortality. A Vedic *mantra* says:—"The Eternal hath no caste." And the great Prophets of India, like Kabir, Nanak and Chaitanya, repeatedly urged:—"Nor caste nor creed is asked in the court of the Highest."

What is caste? Denial of brotherhood. *Varnaāshrama* is not caste, but a practical attempt to organise society on the basis of the sociological truth of "differentiation of functions."

Dr. Hujer, the Czechoslovakian astronomer, who is now touring in India, said to me the other day:—"In the West we have castes." There is caste wherever there is denial of brotherhood. The Hindu Faith enshrines the great truth of brotherhood in the doctrine of *karma*.

There are three broad aspects of the Hindu Faith:—(1) *darshan*, (2) *dharma*, (3) *mārga*.

Viewed as a *mārga*, the Hindu Faith points to the Way of attainment. The Hindu Faith is not credal but eminently practical, not a dogma but a path. A threefold path. For men have different temperaments according to diversities of experiences and stages in evolution. The Hindu triple *mārga* is well indicated by the three words—*karma*, *jnāna* and *bhakti*.

The Hindu Faith as *karma-mārga* is based on two principal thoughts:—(1) *upāsna* and (2) *rina*.

What is *upāsna?* Not formal lip-prayers. *Upāsna*, literally, means "sitting under." To do *upāsna* is to "sit under" influences of the Spirit. Hence the value of silence. We have talked too long. Form silence-circles, and sit under influences of the *Ātman*. We shut them out by our shouts and

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shows. Tolstoy said, and rightly, that if men and women would go into silence for five minutes everyday, the world would be different.

What is *rina?* Debt. There is (1) the debt we owe to God. A true Hindu should pour out his aspirations to God, everyday.

(2) There is the debt we owe to the Rishis, the great builders of Hindu civilisation, and the Heroes of Hindu history. Study their lives and teaching. Spread their message. O ye, that are young, build your lives in hero-worship!

(3) There is the debt we owe to the ancestors. Give healthy children to the nation. The injunction is given in the Hindu books:—"See that you maintain the thread of the race!" The Hindu Faith does not bless the bane of birth-control. The true birth-control is self-control; not self-indulgence.

(4) There is the debt we owe to fellow-men. This debt reminds us of the duty of hospitality as a virtue of a high order. Today, under pressure of new economic forces and on account of appalling poverty, hospitality is declining. Service, *sevā* to the poor, is a *rina*, a debt we owe them. Let us not serve as though we do them a *maharbāni* (kindness). True *sevā* or service must be done in a spirit of duty and fellowship with the poor.

Karma is emphasised in the Hindu Faith. Mistaken are the critics who say that "Hinduism is speculative." "A dogma of Hinduism," says an English critic, "is to withdraw from all worldly concerns." No! The Hindu outlook is one of *shakti*. Sri Rama and Sri Krishna were both eminently practical. The Gita preaches a noble

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message of activism:—"Stand up! O Arjuna!" Life must be full. Not without reason was India named *Karma-bhumi*, Land of Action. And the Gita puts in the mouth of Sri Krishna the significant words:—"I, also, act!"

And *karma* culminates in *yajna*, sacrifice. Of the *jnāna* and *bhakti* aspects of the Hindu Faith, I cannot speak today. Two truths emphasised on the *jnāna*-side are:—(1) train your thought-power. You must reflect. Religion is not a dogma to be swallowed. Investigate and hold fast to what is true. (2) Build up concentration. Therefore learn to be still : learn to spend sometime everyday in silence, and you will know that in silence is strength.

Bhakti is love, devotion, self-surrender to the Lord. I will not speak of it now. Nor may I speak, today, of the Hindu Faith as *dharma* and *darshan*. One thing only I may say that *karma*, *dharma*, and *darshan*, all the three culminate in sacrifice. *Darshan* is (1) consciousness of the *Ātman* as Immortal, and (2) recognition of the One Ātman in all.

This supreme *darshan* (vision) glows in the Gita, and the Upanishads and the *Sant-bani* (Wisdom of Saints). With this *darshan* in the heart, how can one stand aloof from the poor and the distressed? In them, too, is the one *Ātman*.

I wonder if you ever asked what is the root-meaning of the word, "Hindu"? The word is not in the Vedas nor in the Gita, nor in the Upanishads. The word "Hindu" is not a Sanskrit word. The Aryan word is "Sindhu." When the Muslims came to India, they changed the letter

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"S" into "H." "Hindu" means "Sindhu." And "Sindhu" means "going forward." The river Indus is named the "Sindhu." In the word "Hindu" is enshrined a symbolism of the river. The river goes forward. The voice of the river, as Tennyson reminds us, is :—

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

The river is a symbol of life. The river's voice is :—"Onward! Forward!" To live is to go forward. And you who call yourselves Hindus, you must go on, go forward, if you would live and give the great message of the Rishis to a waiting world. And you will go forward in the measure in which you enter into fellowship with the poor and bear witness to the spirit of sacrifice.

India is named "Bharata" in the ancient books. One meaning of the word "Bharata" is "*ahuti*," "oblation," "*yajna*," "sacrifice." In this one word, "sacrifice," is summed up, to my mind, the essence of the Hindu Faith. He is a true Hindu who strives everyday to bear witness to the spirit of sacrifice. In that ancient story, as most of you may know, the boy Dhruva poured out his daily aspiration in the words :—"May I to Thee, O Lord, be a sacrifice!" And to everyone of India's youths who would help in building a new nation, I fain would give the Hindu message in Dhruva's thrilling words :—"May I to Thee, O Lord, be a sacrifice!"

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Henry David Thoreau*

By ESTELLE D. BROADRICK

The happiness Thoreau enjoyed was real. It derived from his observations of the beauty and perfection of the world outside his doors.

In 1837, he left Harvard College to teach in a one-room schoolhouse in Concord, Massachusetts. Although he was blunt and sharp of speech, he had refused to whip the students. The school board waited about two weeks and then ordered him to apply the switch or lose his position. He selected six pupils, administered the required switchings, then went home and wrote a letter of resignation.

The young man embarked on an entirely new way of life. He picked berries, harvested hay, raised beans, made pencils, gave lectures, and wrote.

His first book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, sold only 219 copies. The copies then cost a dollar and twenty-five cents a piece. To-day, one copy would bring about six hundred dollars.

An express wagon brought 706 copies of the book to Thoreau's door. He wrote :—"I have a library of nearly nine hundred books, over seven-hundred of which I wrote myself."

Only 2,000 copies of his famed *Walden* were sold during his lifetime. He was ignored by many, considered lazy and "trifling" by some. Few

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took him seriously.

He has been described as being stooped of shoulders, small and belligerent, with a large nose.

He borrowed land from Ralph Waldo Emerson, on the shores of Walden Pond, and built a cabin with his own hands. He lived there for two years on plain and simple food. His ambition was to live simply, to be master of his own time.

The materials of his cabin cost him less than thirty dollars. He said he wanted to live so sturdily and Spartan-like "as to rout all that was not life." He wanted to live deliberately,—to learn what life would teach.

He walked eighteen miles to Boston,—and walked home again,—to hear a lecture given by Emerson.

Emerson offered him a room in his home in return for doing odd jobs. The Emersonian circle, composed of writers and philosophers,—Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Bronson Alcott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and others,—considered Thoreau eccentric, original. They admired him for living up to his convictions.

Thoreau's health was delicate. He had weak lungs, and his death at the age of forty-four was brought about by a severe cold caught in walks in all kinds of weather and long street-corner discussions.

He believed man's purpose was not to collect material treasures, to save and scrimp for worldly possessions, but to live to find beauty in the present moment, the here and the now. He believed in

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Tulsidas : Rama-Intoxicated*

By T. L. VASWANI

I heard, many years ago, in beloved Sind, a *fakir* singing a little song. A few of its simple words ravished my heart:—"Compassion is the root of true religion,—even as pride is the root of sin."

Who wrote these wonderful words? I asked. And I learnt that Tulsi Das wrote them in his *Rāmāyana*. So was I drawn to Tulsi, in the days of my youth.

As I read more of the *Rāmāyana*, I began to understand that one could, without exaggeration, speak of the *Gitā* and the *Rāmāyana* as the "Bible of India." In both is a common inspiration, a common illumination,—that of *bhakti* or pure love dedicated to the Divine Spirit.

Tulsi was almost a contemporary of Shakespeare. Shakespeare speaks as a clever man of the city : Tulsi speaks as a child of the *tapobana*. A *Rishi*, a forest mystic, adopted him as a child and taught him to revere Sri Rama as Teacher and Redeemer of his race. Shakespeare presented "Plays" at court and basked in the sunshine of fair ladies : Tulsi was a man of meditation and self-control. His *Rāmāyana* is a religious epic and a classic,—"the greatest book," in Mahatma Gandhi's words, "in all devotional literature." The style of both is full of energy : but while the philosophy of

*July 25 is sacred as the birthday of Tulsi Das.

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Shakespeare is one of despair, that of Tulsi is one of *arpanam*,—self-surrender in love to Rāma, the One Divine Spirit.

Shakespeare's love, as reflected in his life, was of the earth, earthy. Tulsi's love, as reflected in his life of *tapasyā* and meditation in the *tapobana* and, later, as revealed in his quiet study, at Banaras, of the Rishis' lore and his profound book, the *Rāmāyana*,—Tulsi's love was *bhakti*, pure, selfless devotion to his Beloved, Sri Rama.

Every page of Tulsi's wondrous book,—the *Rāmā Charita Manasa* (briefly called the *Rāmāyana*),—reflects a God-like Energy of Soul, a Love Divine, dedicated to Sri Rama and to the poor and lowly ones regarded as moving pictures of the One Beloved.

At this hour, when the nations, trampling upon the doctrine of sympathy and magnifying the new gospel of materialism and might, are denying the very soul of true civilisation, can there be, at once for Bharata and other nations, a nobler message than that of compassion and service,—the great message of Tulsi Das, Servant of Humanity?

"I am the Way," says Krishna. So said Jesus, too. And the end? True Freedom, Illumination, Fulfilment. Alas! we often forget the End. We often live in forgetfulness : but a memory, a recollection, comes to us, as we sit in the presence of a holy one, a saint or a *bhakta* of God, or as we open out our heart's love to Rāma or Krishna, to Kabir or Nanak, to Buddha or a Boddhisattva, to Isa (Jesus) or Socrates, to Rābiā or Mirā, to Tulsi

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The Bank That Never Fails

By J. P. VASWANI

He was a singer of God's Name. As he sang, he filled the hall with the rich melody of his voice : and he thrilled the hearts of his listeners with the richer music of his dedicated life. With outstretched arms, he sang, again and again :—

Behold!
The birds do not sow
Nor do they reap :
And they save not
For the morrow.
Yet each day
They eat and drink
To their fill,
And lift up their hearts
In gratitude to Him who is
The giver of all that is!

O ye that would tread the pilgrim-path!
Cast all thy cares upon the Lord!
Chant His Name,
By day and night :
And fill the Earth
With the fragrance of Heaven!
He, the Lord of Love,
Becometh, in love,
A server and a burden-bearer
Of His devotees
And their disciples!

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The words summed up the secret of his own life. He toiled not, nor did he have any bank-accounts. He asked for nothing, and he lacked nothing. And his needs were supplied in a mysterious way.

More than once he came to our *satsang* (fellowship meetings) and did *kirtan* (singing of God's Name). We listened to him with rapt attention : we joined in his singing : and the eyes of many glistened with unbidden tears.

On one such occasion, as the *kirtan* came to a close, an elderly gentleman, who sat near me, asked:—"How does he manage to live? He never asks for anything of anyone!"

And I said to him:—"Does a prince need to beg of anyone? His Father, the King, gives him all he needs,—and more!"

My elderly friend did not grasp the meaning of my words. He smiled a bland smile.

My thoughts were elsewhere. I recalled how, on more than one occasion, Sri Ramakrishna, speaking to his disciples, said:—"The man of faith is like a python. He moves not in search of food : his food comes to him."

And the Saint related a parable of deep significance. A young ascetic, who has lived apart from men since his childhood, goes out to beg, every day. One day, he is given food by a young girl. The ascetic sees her breasts and, not knowing what they are, mistakes them for tumours.

"Do they pain you, my sister?" he asks the girl.

The girl begins to blush. Her mother, who happens to be present, explains to the ascetic:—

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"In due course, this young girl will become a mother. And God has given her these breasts that she may, in the fulness of time, be able to give milk to children who may be born to her."

In sheer wonderment, the ascetic exclaims:—"God has already made provision for those that are yet to be born! Surely, He must have provided for me, too! I do not need to beg!" And he gives up begging.

This conviction will not come by reading books or listening to lectures. It is not a matter of ratiocination or argumentation. It will not come by intellectual analysis or reasoning of the mind. It will come by faith. And faith belongs to him who has learnt to love. In love we renounce our little "ego" and so rise above the cares and worries of earthly existence. In love we know that we belong to Him who takes care of us as a mother takes care of her only child.

To Jesus came a few of his countrymen, saying:—"You ask us to sell all and give to the poor. Then tell us, who will give us our daily food?"

Pointing to some ants crawling on the ground, Jesus said:—"Who gives food to the ants?"

"They need so little!" was the answer.

"Then look at yon birds," said Jesus. "Who gives food to the birds?"

"They have wings with which to fly and pluck fruits from trees!"

"And what about the wild beasts?" Jesus asked. "See how fat they are! They, too, get their daily food."

* * *

The way of faith is not paved with roses. In

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the initial stages, it is not without its difficulties and dangers. He who would walk the way of faith must be prepared to accept suffering and starvation, poverty and pain,—and in the midst of it all glorify the Lord.

Purification is the very first step on the mystical path. And if a man is to be purged of dross and become like thrice-burnished gold, he must not shirk the fire. Illness will come to him : and death will stare him in the face. His own dear ones will let him down in the hour of his urgent need. He will have to face storms of misunderstanding. Disappointments will crowd round him. His friends will scoff at him and call him "mad." "Where is your God?" they will say to him in the day of his misery and anguish. His patience may reach the breaking point and he may be tempted tocry:— "I can bear it no longer. I feel like one broken in body and mind. In the whole wide world there is none whom I may call my own. I feel forsaken as a beaten, battered boat on a stormy sea. I belong neither to this world nor to the Kingdom of God. Let me go back to my old ways of living. Not this the path for me!"

If he survives this period of frustration,—and he can do so through constant prayer and repetition of the Name of God,—he arrives at a stage of blessedness. His struggles are now over. He has come in direct contact with Reality. He has touched the Source : and he will lack nothing. All his needs will be supplied at the right time. He will not need to make any preparations or plans. Everything will be prepared for him in advance. Such a man no longer hopes or believes

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or trusts : he *knows!* He knows that his needs will always be fulfilled,—at the right time.

Swami Vivekananda paced up and down the deck of a steamer. He was on his way to America to take part in the "Parliament of Religions." The money for the passage had been contributed by the Raja of Khetri. No arrangements, however, had been made for his stay in the United States. There would be no one to receive him on his arrival in that strange, distant country. He did not know anyone in America. He did not know where he would have to stay. He only knew that the Great Providence, who had always taken care of him, would not let him down in that distant land where he was being taken.

As the Swami stood on the deck, communing with the waves of the sea, a fellow-passenger spoke to him:—"What takes you to America?"

"I go to attend the Parliament of Religions which is to be held at Chicago," the Swami answered.

"I am from Chicago," the man said. "May I know where you propose to stay at Chicago?"

This was more than Swami Vivekananda knew. "I do not know," he said. "May be, I shall stay at *your* place."

The words were uttered in such child-like simplicity that they went right into the heart of this wealthy man from Chicago. Without a moment's hesitation, he said:—"It will be a privilege to have you as my guest. I shall endeavour to keep you as comfortable as I can."

So many of us, indeed, are willing and eager to lay our trust in God,—but only up to a point.

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Our trust is partial, because our "experience" keeps us tied to dependence upon men and material possessions. The body needs food, day after day : and so we must always have a store of food in the house. The body needs many other things which can be had with money : and so we must have savings in the bank. The banks may crash and houses may fall and stocks of food may be consumed. But there is One who abideth for ever. He was, He is, and He will be for ever and evermore. He is the Giver of all that is. He is the Sustainer of all life. Out of Him is all that we see and hold. And His Will doth work in all the worlds and stellar universes. Well sang the Sindhi poet:—

Wondrous are Thy ways, O Lord !
In the twinkling of an eye
Thou dost turn monarchs into mendicants,
Begging for a bite of loaf !
And Thou dost exalt beggars
To the ranks of kings,
Seated on peacock thrones !

Some of us who witnessed the partition of India, in 1947, saw how several of those who owned millions were reduced to utter destitution, their children begging for bread in the streets of India's soulless cities. The owners of vast acres of land in Sind and the Punjab could not find, in India, a roof under which to hide their heads! The tragedy of our life is just this that we rely too much on material possessions. When will we learn to see that the things in which we lay our trust are evanescent as shadows, bubbles on the surface

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of water? Significant are the words of the Buddhist *sutra* which says:—

Thus shall ye think
Of this fleeting world:—
A star at dawn,
A bubble on a stream,
A flash of lightning
On a summer cloud,
A flickering lamp,
A phantom and a dream !

Visible things appear solid to our eyes : we do not realise that it is the Invisible Essence which gives solidity to all material things. It is That which holds them together : without It they would fall to pieces and cease to exist. Alas! we deny the Divine Essence and rely upon material things.

When Antoinnette Foligno left her home, at dead of night, in quest of God, she left behind all her dresses and ornaments, her goods and possessions : but she took with herself a penny with which to buy bread on the morrow. As she moved on, she felt a heavy load on her heart. Then she heard a Voice say to her:—"Antoinnette! dost thou trust a penny more than thou dost trust thy God?" Immediately, she threw the penny on the roadside : and she felt relieved and happy in the heart within. Having renounced everything, she felt truly free. Having surrendered herself completely to the Lord, she found the greatest security of life.

This state of utter self-surrender in which a man possesses nothing and, himself, is God-possessed,

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is not possible to the majority of men. It is far too advanced a stage and is arrived at only after a person has passed through many a trial of faith. The majority of men have their families to look after : they have to earn their livelihood. They have to provide for the education of their children : they have to pay doctors' bills, house-rents and taxes. In these days of increasing costs, they find it difficult to procure the bare necessities of life for themselves and their dependents. What are they to do?

1. The first essential thing is a *change of outlook*. As it is, we depend too much on ourselves,—our efforts and endeavours. We keep God out of our life. Human effort has its place, it is true : but we need to understand that above all effort is His Will. And He is the Giver of all that is. Let our work be not egoistic but dedicated. Let us learn to work as His agents. Our children are His children : we are here to serve them to the best of our ability and capacity. It is His responsibility to provide for them. And His coffers are ever full.

2. The second essential thing is to share what we have with others. Let us set apart a portion,—say one-tenth,—of our earnings to be utilised in the service of God and His suffering creation. To those who are unable to live on their income, this may appear a difficult thing to do. But even such people will find that in the measure in which they share what little they have with others, they are blessed. Out of the little that remains to them, they will get more, much more than they expected. This is what, in the Sindhi language,

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is called *barkat.*

I know of a friend in Australia. She sets apart a tenth of her earnings and calls it "The Lord's Tenth." She has never felt any the poorer for it. In a letter to me she wrote:—"It is with love and gratitude that I pass on to you a further £8 to help on your work,—from my "Lord's Tenth" Fund. This money has nought to do with me except to send it where our Lord directs. So the gift is from Him and the recognition and thanks are to Him...."

I learnt of another who, out of her meagre earnings, set apart a tenth for the service of the poor and needy. One day, she gets the news that one of her uncles has passed away, leaving her a legacy of several thousand rupees. She does not pocket the entire amount. She says to herself:—"I must be honest and give away a tenth of what I have received in service of the starving, struggling ones."

This is one of the laws of life : the more we give, the more we get out of the little that remains. Significant are the words given on the front cover of *God Calling*, a book which is always on my table and to which I turn, again and again, for daily inspiration and guidance. The words are as follows:—"When supply seems to have failed, you must know that it has not done so. But you must look round to see what you can give away. Give away something."

3. There are occasions when we get urgent calls for financial help from some poor relatives or needy friends. We find we have so little to spare, but duty calls us to give away all that we

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have. At such times, it is of the utmost help if we believe that the call is made not upon us but upon God. And He is the Inexhaustible Source of life and the bounties of life. We fulfil our destiny if we become His instruments, channels through which help may flow to those in need. A channel which draws upon a perennial lake is ever full, ever flowing.

It is essential that we must not, for a moment, think that it is *we* who give. *The Giver is God himself.* Our resources, howsoever vast, are limited and must, one day, be spent through. His resources are unlimited, infinite, inexhaustible.

4. For this it is necessary to contact God, again and again. To contact God is to be filled with His abundance.

It is necessary for us to repeat His Name and to pray without ceasing. A prayer which may prove helpful is:—"Lord! make me a channel of Thy mercy!"

5. To become a channel of His mercy we must aspire to surrender all we are and all we have at His Lotus-feet. So may we become His instruments of help and healing in this world of suffering and pain.

He who hath surrendered himself hath found the greatest security of life. And he need wander no more. All his cares and burdens are borne by the Lord himself. How beautiful are the words of the Gita:—

They who worship Me,
Depending on Me alone,
Thinking of no other,—

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They are My sole responsibility !
Their burdens are My burdens :
To them I bring full security !

And did not Jesus say :—"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all things shall be added unto you?"

The more we meditate on these and similar sayings of Krishna and Jesus and other Great Ones of Humanity, the more we shall grow in that true life which is a life of self-surrender. It is a life of freedom from the shackles of earthly "experience." And meditation must deepen into knowledge, into realisation, before freedom can be achieved. To be truly free is to be born anew, is to become a pure child of God. Such an one lives with God and walks with God and speaks to Him and hears Him speak. Such an one is granted the privilege of issuing cheques on a Bank that never fails,—the Bank of the Bounteous One.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

[Contd. from page 24]

"savoring today and never sacrificing today for tomorrow."

"Possessions," he remarked, "are like leg-irons. Our lives are frittered away by detail. Simplicity, I say. Keep your accounts on your thumb nail."

To writers he said :—"Go up to the attic and write now." To all the world he would say, "The only wealth is life."

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Daily Inspiration :

THE WISDOM OF THE UPANISHADS*

Rendered into English by T. L. VASWANI

July 1 **Out of Darkness Into Light !**

Lead me from the unreal to the Real !
Lead me from darkness to Light !
Lead me from death to the Life Eternal !

July 2 **Book-learning is a Burden**

The ass carries a load of sandal-wood. What does he know of its fragrance? To the ass the sandal-wood is so much burden!

So is the man who has studied the *shāstras* (scriptures) without knowing their real message : he is but a burden-carrier!

July 3 **Purity**

Purify your vision, so that you (1) look upon another woman as your own mother; (2) look upon another's wealth as earth and stone; and (3) look upon every being as your own self!

July 4 **Fruits of Yoga**

Among the finest fruits of *yoga* are:—peace, beauty, grace, lightness, fragrance, melodious voice.

July 5 **Darkness**

At the sight of the Supreme is the knot broken,—the knot of "I" in the Heart.

July 6 **Ray of God**

Rise above "learning" (*vidyā*), if you will enter

*In this section have been brought together some passages from the Upanishads rendered into English by Beloved Dada (Sri T. L. Vaswani).

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into *shakti*,—spiritual strength.

Rise above spiritual strength and you will enter into silence.

And rising above silence you will become a "knower" of God : beyond it you become a ray of God Himself!

July 7 **Self-realisation**

The four means of self-realisation are:—

(1) non-attachment;
(2) doing of your duties;
(3) *tapas* or self-control; and
(4) *bhakti* or devotion.

July 8 **God Everywhere**

The God of the house-holder is "Fire" : his is a life of sacrifice!

The God of the silent one is in his Heart,—the God of Wisdom and Love.

The Enlightened Ones see God everywhere!

July 9 **Mukti**

There is one bondage,—desire, *trisnā*. Its destruction is *mukti*, liberation.

July 10 **Withdraw the Veils !**

Pride of learning (*ahankāra*) and *moha* (attachment) for life are the veils which stand between you and the Self.

Withdraw the veils and the light of the *Ātman* (the Self) will shine!

July 11 **Mind-Control**

Not by physical practices may you truly control the mind. Here are some of the means to control yourself:—

(1) Have *sanga* or fellowship with the pure and holy.

(2) Restrain *trisnā* or desire.

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(3) Purify your breath.

(4) Study *Sant-bani*,—the "words," teaching, of the pure.

July 12 **He is Within !**

Self-realisation is a revelation to you of the *Ātman* or the Spirit in the Heart.

July 13 **Man of Meditation**

The man of meditation is (1) deep in his power of reflection,—deep as the sea; and (2) firm as the mountain is he.

July 14 **Self-Control**

Difficult, indeed, is self-control!

You may drink the ocean dry; the mountain you may uproot; you may even swallow fire. But more difficult is self-control!

July 15 **Knower of God**

The knower of God realises unity in all. The knower finds all beings in himself and himself in all beings.

Every particle hath become his Self : and to him neither "attachment" nor "hate" hath a meaning,—neither *moha* nor sorrow!

July 16 **The Ego**

The "ego" leads to "false" vision : it shadows forth a "thing" in "nothing!" The "shadowing" forth proceedeth out of the "ego," the *manas*, mind.

Cast it out,—the "ego,"—and let the *Ātman* shine!

July 17 **Truth is Light**

Truth is Light. It awakens by contact with the True, the Good, the Holy ones.

July 18 **Far From the Goal**

Dost thou still seek the pleasures of sex or sto-

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mach? Thou wilt not know *Brahman*,—the Eternal God!

July 19 **Knowledge**

Who does *not* know, knows!
Who *knows*, does not know!

July 20 **Path of Wisdom**

Dost thou tread the path of wisdom?
Well mayst thou throw away the study of books,—as one throws away straw after having threshed out the rice!

July 21 **Equal Eyes**

With equal eyes may I look upon a poisonous snake or a garland of flowers, a strong enemy or a kind friend, a costly jewel or a lump of earth, a bed of flowers or a slab of stone, a group of beautiful women or useless straw!

July 22 **Self-loss**

As rivers flow into the ocean and lose their individual names and forms,—lose themselves,—so does the true knower, freed from all names and all forms, find the Supreme,—the Light of light.

July 23 **Silence of Wonder**

The bliss of Knowledge is the silence of Wonder.

July 24 **The Heart**

Verily, the Heart is the fountain of Knowledge.

July 25 **Ecstasy**

Let the "mind" subside until there is entire forgetfulness of "personality."

July 26 **Holy Banaras**

Remember, this body is the holy Kāsi (Banaras).
And in this body stand together the sacred places,—the holy Kāsi, the heavenly Gayā, the longed-for Prayāga.

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And remember that at the feet of the Guru are all the sacred places.

Remember, too, that through all the sacred places God's purifying Ganges floweth on!

And the witness of them is the Inner Self, the *Ātman*,—the God within thee!

July 27 **Immortal**

Not by desire-dominated action, not by progeny, not by wealth did any attain.

Without renunciation, detachment, transcending desires and appetites, none attained immortality.

July 28 **He Is!**

Not by speech, not by mind, not by what the eye of flesh may see, can He be seen!

Only affirm, only say in your heart:—"He is! He is!"

July 29 **Be Child-like!**

Let him who would know *Brahman* (God) be no longer content with "learning."

Let him aspire to live as a child!

July 30 **The Knot of Illusion**

He who knows Him hidden in the shrine of his heart,—he cuts the knot of illusion in this very life!

July 31 **In Thy Heart is He!**

He is beyond the known. He is beyond the knowable.

He is to be realised in thy Heart, O friend!

Happy is the man who cultivates the things that are hidden and lets the things that are apparent take care of themselves. **K. Kyo**

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Book Reviews

By "Piyā"

THE ONE WHO LISTENS: by Michael Hollings and Etta Gullick. Pub. Mayhew-McCrimmon, Southend-on-Sea. Pp. 193. Price 70 pence.

This little book contains a collection of prayers of various sorts by saints and great men of East and West,—from George Appleton and Gilbert Shaw to Mother Teresa of Calcutta and Guru Nanak. The author emphasises the value of prayer for experiencing God's Infinite Love. "Prayer does not take you out of the world," he affirms. And elsewhere he says:—"In real crises even today, there can be only a minority who do not utter something into the Unknown."

The book may delight people earnestly interested in making contact with God,—the Holy Spirit.

DAY BY DAY : by Michael Hollings. Pub. Mayhew-McCrimmon, Southend-on-Sea. Pp. 125. Price 55 pence.

A series of prayer-talks formerly given to students at the Oxford is summarised and edited resulting in this slim volume. In this book; concentration is made on the "What" and "How" of prayers. "In prayer the mind and heart are opened up." The author relates how he went back to God as he needed Him to tone his living. "Basically there are two approaches to God:—(1) Direct approach; (2) Humanism."

A few thought-provoking questions have been answered tactfully by the author.

GLIMPSES OF GREATNESS : by Hansraj Yadav. Pub. Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay–7. Pp. 150. Price Rs. 4/–.

The book comprises a selection of stories from Indian Mythology. Each story is interpreted in simple words and revolves round a character who excels in one or more cherished qualities of human value, e. g. *bhakti*, concentration, determination, devotion, patience, etc.

The main aim of the book is to benefit children with

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stories of value which they may enjoy as well as learn from. It may well be read with profit by adults.

TEMPLES AND LEGENDS OF NEPAL : by P. C. Roy Choudhury. Pub. Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay–7. Pp. 93. Price Rs. 3/–.

The book gives a description of the geographic location, the physical features, tribes and the history of the establishment and architecture of all the temples found throughout Nepal. The most popular of all the temples is the Pashupatinath temple of Khatmandu. "To the average visitor most of the images of Gods in Nepal have an element of the grotesque, the unreal and somewhat exceeding terror." The author throws light on Nepal's intimate bond with India because of their common religion, heroes, customs and legends. The source of the legends of Nepal are the tribes,—Kirtas, Newaris, Lichhavis, Gorkhas and Nature and Her bounties.

Illustrations of beautiful temples and statues of Gods and Godesses of Nepal enhance the value of the book.

MAHAYOGI : by R. R. Diwakar. Pub. Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay–7. Pp. 300. Price Rs. 5/–.

The book gives the life, *sadhana*, and teaching of Shri Aurobindo Ghosh in simple words. Revolutionist, politician, humanist, thinker as well as a man of action,—well read in Western literature and Indian lore,—was Aurobindo. It is said, "spirit and matter, East and West, idealism and realism, idea and action were equally and simultaneously present to him when he dealt with any problem of life."

The book has appendices, bibliography, glossary, index and a number of inspiring photographs of the Mahayogi of modern India.

THE SECRET OF MAN AND WORLD : by Koutha Mohanram Shastry. Pub. Aatmavidya Ashrama, Koutha Buildings, Vijayawada–2. Pp. 228. Price Rs. 10/–.

The book comprises in essence the teachings of Advaita Vedanta in clear, unsophisticated language. The author explains that "avidya" is the cause of man's bondage, and only he who has realised the Real Self, the Atman, can enjoy peace that passeth understanding. "That man who is able to fry the seed of his apparent self, *agnana*, with the fire of

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his wisdom, *gnana*, i. e. the true knowledge of his Real Self, will lose the potency and force for further evolution of births just as a seed fried."

The print is large and the explanations are given in long paragraphs which, in several cases, run into pages.

EVERY FALL IS A RISE

[Contd. from page 16]

to higher and better and more glorious things. All is well, a thousand times well. All things are conspiring to bring about our highest good. There is no evil in life's experiences. Divine Love and Wisdom are bringing us all to our eternal joy.

IF GOD BE FOR US
(AND HE IS), WHO (OR WHAT)
CAN BE AGAINST US?

For the vexations, troubles, trials and sufferings of this present life must all pass away; but Joy remains for ever.

TULSIDAS : RAMA-INTOXICATED

[Contd. from page 26]

or Tukāram.

I join you all* in your celebration of the Day sacred to Beloved Tulsi Das. I gaze at his beauteous face and exclaim:—"Blessed wert thou among the sons of men! For thou didst embrace the Lord of love, thou didst become Rāma-possessed, Rāma-filled, Rāma-intoxicated. Thy body became a shrine and thine eyes were aglow as gold,—aglow with compassion to all creatures, aglow with the love that never dies!"

*Being a message sent to the Mira Center, New Delhi

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NEWS AND NOTES

By "Gulshan"

A Picture of Love and Compassion

Four years ago, on the 15th of May, 1970, Sister Shanti bade good bye to this mortal world and departed to her heavenly abode, to enter into the higher life. Four years of separation, but we still continue to feel her presence. Her soft, child-like voice continues to guide us. Love and compassion flowed out of her heart in abundance. Her heart was filled with the milk of human kindness, and there was no room for hatred in it.

Sister Shanti's 4th Maha Yagna day was celebrated in a befitting manner on the 15th and 16th of this month.

On the 14th evening, the workers of the Industrial Home paid tributes to Sister Shanti at the evening fellowship meeting.

In the early hours of the dawn, on the 15th, a procession of sisters, brothers and children proceeded from Beloved Dadaji's sacred samadhi, singing the song which was so dear to Sister Shanti:–"Jaag Jaag mana ninda na kariye!" "Awake, arise, O mind, no longer in slumber remain!"

Later in the morning, a group of brothers and sisters of Dadaji's "Brotherhood" visited the Sassoon Hospital. Packets of eatables and fruits, baloons and toys were distributed among the sick children, thus bearing witness to the great ideal lived by Sister Shanti:—"Share what you have with the poor and needy, and bear witness to the truth that God *is* !"

Immediately following this programme, was the programme of *havan* (kindling of the sacred fire) and service of the *sufed posh*, needy sisters who come in large numbers to receive help at Dadaji's shrine. Everyone of them received cloth and wheat and a two-rupee note.

In the evening, tributes where paid to Sister Shanti. One got the feeling of actually seeing dear Shanti re-live her life. We were told that her life was a *sangam* (union)

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of tears and smiles. During daytime, she greeted everyone with her sweet smile. But at night she used to pine for her Beloved, and shed tears.

Later, at night, we had *bhajans* and "Shanti *Darshan*" (glimpses from Shanti's life on the screen), under the canopy of the cloudclad skies.

On the 16th morning, we had *havan* and service of *Daridra Narayana*. The poor came in endless rows and each one received *prasād* and a 25-paise coin.

In the evening, Brother J. P. Vaswani gave a heart-rending speech, telling us how Sister Shanti was, verily, a child of God. She had child-like innocence and her purity and selflessness drew people to her. Her goal was *to be* and not *to have*.

The programme also included *akhand pāth*, (continuous, uninterrupted recitation) of the *Guru Granth Sahib* and *Nuri Granth*, recitations from various scriptures and Dadaji's *Upadeshes*. Brother birds and animals were fed. The entire work was carried on in the faith that the Lord provides where He guides.

Sister Shanti will always be remembered as one who did not do extraordinary things ordinarily, but one who did ordinary things extraordinarily well.

Cultivate Friendship with God !

The St. Mira's Schools this year, as in previous years, have shown 100% results at the S. S. C. Examination. This year, a student from St. Mira's English-Medium School has stood 28th in the State, securing 83·57% of marks. A number of students have shown brilliant results. All glory unto the Lord !

In St. Mira Schools, students are trained not merely to show excellent results at the S. S. C. Examination but, also, at the examination of life. In the words of Beloved Dadaji (Sri T. L. Vaswani):—"May the Mira students learn, more and more, to clasp God to their hearts and find their purest joy in serving suffering creation."

On the 12th of June, the students of St. Mira's English-Medium School met together to offer a prayer of thanks-giving to the Lord whose mercy continues to shine on us all.

Brother J. P. Vaswani congratulated the students and gave them a very valuable parting message. He said that

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the secret of true success in life lay in working hand in hand with God. Quoting Swami Vivekananda, he said, "With God you can sail over the high seas: without God you cannot even cross over the threshold!" He advised the students to grow in the practise of the Presence of God, and to cultivate friendship with Him. Brother J. P. Vaswani said:—"God is not a remote Being seated high up in the heavens. He is closer to you than your breathing and nearer than the nip of your neck. As you walk through the dark jungle of life, call out to God in the simple faith of trusting child, and He will rush to your help and you will lack nothing!" And do not forget, concluded Brother J. P. Vaswani, that the poor and broken ones are the living, moving pictures of God. To serve them, in the words of Beloved Dada, is to worship God.

Later, the students distributed fruits among the sick at the Sassoon Hospital.

Dada Yagna

Dādā Yagna is held every month on the sacred *Ekādashi*,—the day on which Beloved Dadaji put off his physical body. This month, the sacred day fell on the 16th. The programme, which commenced on the 14th, included *Akhand pāth*—continuous unbroken recitation of the *Guru Granth Sahib* and the *Nuri Granth* (a scripture containing Beloved Dadaji's songs); early morning worship; *Naam kirtan prakarmā; havan* (kindling the sacred fire); Beloved Dadaji's discourses, recitations from different scriptures, and above all, the *Yagna* in which the *satsangis* themselves participate in the service of the *sufedposh* (needy sisters) and the poor and needy who throng in great numbers to receive help in cash and kind from the sacred shrine. Brother birds and animals were also fed.

A movie was taken of the different items of the day's programme, which will be shown as a documentary film.

In July the auspicious Yagna day falls on the 15th, and will be celebrated in a similar manner.

Many are in high place and of renown: but mysteries are revealed to the meek. —*Ecclesiasticus*

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